



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

efforts to adjust these interests by diplomacy and a show of force would seem to be that evolution—including the tendencies which Mr. Angell so ably synthetizes—has not yet gone far enough to make practicable anything like a parliament of the world.

As an arraignment of war in the abstract, as a criticism of the mere fetishism of nationality, as a summing up of the influences that are making the settlement of differences by armed conflict continually more illogical, *Arms and Industry*, like *The Great Illusion*, must have great weight. As a complete philosophy of international politics, it leaves us somewhat unsatisfied, because it seems to share in part the grandiose universality of the military theories it was written to confute. Most thinking men will wish Mr. Angell Godspeed in his efforts to hasten the coming of world-wide peace; not all will find in this book conclusive proof that only stupidity bars the way to the realization of that ideal.

THEY WHO KNOCK AT OUR GATES. By MARY ANTIN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The new book by the author of *The Promised Land* is essentially a plea—expressed with characteristic earnestness and charm—for altruism in national policy, for fairness, for sympathy. As such, it eminently deserves to be read—not that argumentatively it begins to cover the whole ground, but rather that through its intelligent emphasis upon the elements of idealism and humanity it adds something vital to a discussion that may easily become too exclusively scientific. Intuition, an intimate perception of what the immigrant thinks and feels, are of at least as much value as are tabulated facts and rows of figures.

“The Declaration of Independence, like the Ten Commandments, must be taken literally and applied universally”—this is the key-note of the first chapter of Mary Antin’s book. . . . “If we took our mission seriously—as seriously, say, as the Jews take theirs—we should live with a copy of our law at our side, and oblige every man who opened his mouth about it to square his doctrine with the gospel of liberty.” Such utterances are exalted, but strike one as a little extreme. They seem for the moment to ignore the old, painful necessity of compromise between ideal and fact—of taking thought for the morrow when we would like to live by faith alone. In close connection, however, with these expressions of faith occurs a more definite declaration of principle: “I do not ask that we remove all restrictions and let the flood of immigration sweep in unchecked. I do ask that such restrictions as we impose shall accord with the loftiest interpretation of our duty as Americans.” The author, then, stands on the practical ground where theories and conditions meet, and in one point, at least, she agrees heartily with the scientific restrictionists: the artificial stimulation of immigration must be stopped. No one has put the case against the importation of labor with more passion and point than has Mary Antin. But her discussion of the economic and sociological phases, which the fairness of her mind obliges her to consider, one finds less than convincing—not merely because she declines to thresh over all the statistical straw, but because one suspects a certain falsity of emphasis. It does not altogether quiet our economic doubts to be reminded that “in Texas alone there is room for the population of the whole world, with a homestead of half an acre for every family of five, and a patch the size of

Maryland left over for a public park." And the recommendation of "more evening classes, more civic centers, more missionaries in the field," as a remedy for the conditions resulting from imperfect "assimilation" appeals rather to our zeal for humanity than to our practical sense. Is not our educational system already overburdened? Is not the demand for properly trained educators and uplifters already greater than the immediate supply? Again, in casual comparisons of the ascending immigrant in the cities with the descending Yankee farmer of New England, there is evident need of statistical analysis if any real conclusion is to be drawn.

As we read *They Who Knock at Our Gates* we feel for the most part that we are but listening to one side of a debate—harkening to a speaker eloquent, indeed, and considerate in her handling of opposing views, but hardly an authority or a philosopher. It does us good to listen, if only because the speaker, offsetting one generality with another, shows us how much there is to be said on both sides of the question, and through her earnestness stirs our conscience. But Mary Antin does more than this; for in respect to immigrant sentiment and aspirations she *is* an authority, and she finely destroys the effect of such catchwords as "the scum of Europe." She tells us, for example, of "a poor widow down on Division Street who was complaining bitterly of the hardness of her lot, alone in an alien world with four children to bring up. In the midst of her complaints the children came in from school. 'Well,' said the hard-pressed widow, 'bread isn't easy to get in America, but the children can go to school, and that's more than bread. Rich man, poor man, it's all the same: the children can go to school.'" Facts of human nature such as this—facts that statistics cannot show—we shall take to heart, and they will influence our views.